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THE AUSPICES *of* WAR;

A N O D E.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

HONOURABLE ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE

PROPHECY *of the* UNION;

A NARRATIVE POEM.

THE DOUGLAS AND THE HOTSPUR BOTH TOGETHER
ARE CONFIDENT AGAINST THE WORLD IN ARMS.

SHAKESPEAR. Hen. IVth.

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THE AUSPICES *of* WAR.

I. 1.

YES—'tis the omen of ſucceſsful war—
Far on the right behold the Bird of Jove
'Mid orient ſkies majeſtically move,
And call propitious * thunders from afar;
And now with lucid track ſupremely riding,
And now deep clouds the forked vengeance hiding,
His daſhing plumes a guilty people ſcare:
Thoſe, who in impious arms their Prince defy,
Or burſt with ill-tim'd fraud the ſocial tie,
Nor Earth, nor Heaven, in reckleſs fury ſpare.

I. 2.

Say, Lord of Æther!—whoſe primeval flight,
The new-born Sun, with irretorted eye,
Affronted full,—did e'er thine image fly
Mid Latian camps with freſher glory bright,

* A thunder-ſtorm that happened in the morning ſome days after the fleet ſailed under Admiral Keppel.

Than when the flag of great Revenge unfurl'd,
Prepar'd to vindicate thro' either world,
What Juſtice bids, and Honour's patriot ſway,
Once more BRITANNIA, rouz'd to high diſdain *,
Late the dire dread of Ocean's § vaſty reign,
Forth pour'd from VECTA's iſle her long array †?

I. 3.

Veteran Maſters of the Main,
With pride ſhe view'd her Hero-train,
Whoſe arms in former fights imbued ‡
GANGETIC ſhores with GALLIC blood;
In Weſtern iſles, to ROME unknown,
Who ſhook the SPANIARD's vaunted throne;
Or from the frozen-gulphed North
Chaſed a ſervile Tyrant forth,
Charged to the BOURBON to relate
A wreſted Sceptre's early date, ‖
Not unaveng'd—ſince that unequal day
That gave an Empire, ſnatch'd a WOLFE away.

* Alto ſdegno.—TASSO.
§ Milton. P. L.
† "He wound with toilſome march his long *array*."—GRAY.
‡ The ſucceſſes of the laſt war in the East Indies, &c.
‖ CANADA.

II. 1. Him

II. 1.

Him FREEDOM mourn'd, who for her ALBION dy'd—
Nor dy'd in vain—to rouze the Patriot's heart,
To bid the noble youth from luxury ſtart,
And every BRITON feel a BRITON's pride,
His ſpirit lives—high ſcorn of Death inſpiring,
The Soldier late from well-worn arms retiring,
Shall with his praiſe enhance the ſocial bowl,
Pleas'd for a while to quit the frugal ſhare,
For future Crecys early to prepare
The native ardours of a freeborn ſoul.

II. 2.

Then "Doubts BRITANNIA?"—call'd HER VOICE from high;
"Go forth!—the kingdoms in their pride reſtrain,
Rule the * brute Earth, and curb the ſtormy Main,
Nor let his youthful palms forgotten lie,
O Nation! bleſt in BRUNSWIC's riſing ſtar!
Once in domeſtic bounds ſuperior far

* Bruta tellus—HOR. OD.

To proud CASTILE, and all her vaſſal thrones;
When firſt to PHILIP tributary flow'd
EUPRATIC Pearl * and PLATA's golden load,
Mightieſt of race that Weſtern TETHYS owns.

II. 3.

What avail'd her giant-power §
That menac'd then thy final hour,
While trembled yet the ſcales of fate,
While Ocean bow'd with hoſtile freight?
Then did I mark, thro' Freedom bold,
Thy godlike arm the Croſs unfold;
Here HOWARD, worthy of the name,
Here, leagu'd with Heaven, thy RALEIGH came;
Nor Heaven to Freedom's holy ſide
Her banded elements ‡ deny'd,
Nor doom'd thy brows with earthly wreaths to ſhine,
Thy power immortal, as thy palms divine."

* The Pearl fiſhery in the gulph of ORMUS.
§ The SPANISH Armada.
‡ The ſtorm that diſperſed the SPANISH fleet.

——*Tibi militat* ÆTHER——
Et CONJURATI *veniunt ad claſſica* VENTI.
CLAUDIAN.

THE

PROPHECY *of the* UNION

A

NARRATIVE POEM.

THE following Poem is an attempt to unite the ſimplicity of the Old Engliſh Ballad, *with ſome degree of Claſſic Elegance.—If the Author (which is probable) has failed, he has only to plead, that he is not an old offender.*

The Battle, of which this Piece contains the conſequences, happened between PERCY *and* DOUGLAS, *in the reign of* HENRY *the Fourth.*

THE PROPHECY *of the* UNION.

FROM HOLMEDON's height to TWEDA's bound,
Th' Invader's horn had ceas'd to ſound;
When kindled fires from hill to dale
Proclaim the ENGLISH arms prevail,
To where the parting foreſt through,
Riſe the lordly towers in view,
And gilded by declining day
The PERCY-ſtreamers proudly play.

Thence diffus'd, in haſte amain,
With infants mix'd, a Female Train
Ruſh to embrace their Loves reſtor'd,
And braid with flowers the Victor's ſword.

Exulting each her Lord to ſhew
With helm unlac'd, and ſlacken'd bow.
By thoſe the motley ſcarf is worn,
From hoſtile ſhoulders freſhly torn;
Thoſe the wielded axe * diſplay,
Or captive Glaymore's † ampler ſway;
While unreveng'd, his bearer ſlain,
The Banner-Thiſtle ſweeps the plain.

The bold Demeanor of the Sires
Each infant Knight and Baron fires,
Who with preventing eye demand
Sword and Spur ‡ from PERCY's hand.
Each Parent ſmiles; while mingled fear
Calls from the ſofter Sex a tear.

Scarce had acclamation drown'd
The curfew's ſolitary ſound,
When to his father's ancient hall
The HOTSPUR leads his followers all—

* Of LOCHABAR.
† Broad-ſword.
‡ In feudal times uſed at the inveſtiture of Knighthood.

"But

" But who is he, whoſe lofty air,
" Deſigns high deeds, and lineage fair?
" Sure—or hath age my ſight beguil'd?
" I read Old DOUGLAS in his child!—
" Welcome young THANE—the riſing light
" Thy Sire to me in equal fight
" Oppos'd hath found,—and from the Weſt,
" Seen the gallant Foe my Gueſt:
" Nor, rival of my HARRY's ſword,
" Shalt thou decline his feſtal board."

Thus he.—But ſore the DOUGLAS ſigh'd,
To ſee his Knights, in valour try'd,
Vainly ſtrive, with rage ſuppreſs'd,
To ſink the Captive in the Gueſt.
His own, his Country's loſs, by turns,
With patriot grief the Chieftain mourns;
While, vain to raiſe his drooping ſoul,
The feſtive eyes of beauty roll,
And vain the trophied roofs along,
Reſounds the glory-kindling ſong.

From

From * Trojan BRUTE began the lore,
Who firſt to CORNWALL's craggy ſhore,
Led by Parent-Gods, imbru'd
Her haunted dens in monſter-blood;
When, nor had TIVIOT's eccho lone
Pipe of ſhepherd-minſtrel, known,
Nor yet did Druid-choir invoke,
With myſtic harp, the incircled oak,
Where veil'd in woods † without a name,
Rude ISIS met untowered THAME.

There, while at NEPTUNE's ſand-built ſhrine,
The Hero pour'd the votive wine,
(Ere yet he plann'd with filial joy
New walls to gird another TROY)
'Mid the rocks reſounding clear
No mortal voice aſſail'd his ear.

" From this bleſt earth, O DARDAN KING!
" Is doom'd a mighty TREE ‡ to ſpring;

* BRUTUS is ſuppoſed to have landed in the Weſt of ENGLAND.—His ſons divided the Iſland, before uninhabited.

† *Sine nomine Terræ.*—VIRG. Æn.

‡ *A mighty tree.*—See DANIEL, Chap iv.

" This, when ſubject-realms no more
" The Star of JULIAN power adore,
" Though jealous heat, and rival pride,
" Long the kindred ſtalks divide,
" Victor of Time with ſtorms combin'd,
" Shall riſe, the wonder of mankind.
" Shelter'd here in buſy cell,
" The golden ſwarms of HYBLA dwell;
" The LOV'D of SCIENCE here retire,
" And FREEDOM's wearied STORK * reſpire.
" Nor not, to launch the thunder ſkill'd,
" The SOVRAN-BIRD his eiry build,
" Proud to ward from hoſtile ſtroke
" The BRITON-DRYAD's deathleſs OAK."

11 : 7 : 49

* A Bird of Paſſage ſo peculiarly conſecrated to Freedom, as to be fabulouſly ſaid to breed only in a Republic, is frequently found in *Lincolnſhire*.

FINIS.

" This, when subjected realms no more
" The Star of JULIAN power adore,
" Though jealous heat, and rival pride,
" Long the kindred flalks divide,
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" Shall rife, the wonder of mankind.
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